

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

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## OUR NEW YEAR'S TAFFY.

Given by the State Press.

The INTERIOR JOURNAL at Stanford is now published as a Semi-Weekly. This is characteristic of the enterprise of its proprietor, and we are glad to note such a marked evidence of the paper's prosperity. — [Georgetown Times.]

The Semi-Weekly INTERIOR JOURNAL came to hand last week and is a very attractive seven-column sheet. Bro. Walton gets up one of the newsiest papers in the State, and his change to two papers a week speaks well for the enterprise of Stanford. — [Hopkinsville South Kentuckian.]

The Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL now visits its patrons twice a week. Always one of the best papers in the State—able, bold, spirited and newsy—we are delighted with the prospect of its visiting us twice as often as before. Brother Walton has richly and bravely earned the prosperity that now blesses him, and we heartily extend to him and his our congratulations as well as the merry greeting of this joyous season. — [Breckinridge News.]

The Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL, in its Semi-Weekly form, was brought to our notice for the first time yesterday. Since its debut we have been so much engaged with the General Assembly that our entire exchange list has been neglected. It gives us pleasure to find the new enterprise upon such an excellent footing. In points of size and appearance the paper is most creditable, and the well-known ability of the editor make its success beyond question. — [Frankfort Yocman.]

The following took place at a camp-meeting recently conducted by S. P. Richards, presiding elder of the Augusta district this year: "Uncle Simon Peter," as he is generally called, went up into the stand on Sunday morning to preach. As is customary at camp-meetings he found a great many of the young men sitting among the ladies. He told them they must all move over on the men's side, which they did. That evening Rev. Sam Jones was to preach, and "Uncle Simon Peter" was up in the pulpit with him. Just as Mr. Jones got up to commence preaching, "Uncle Simon Peter" looked down the audience and spied a young man sitting with a young lady. He immediately jerked Mr. Jones by the coat tail and motioned him to sit down. Rising up he said: "Young ladies, if any of you have a spare dress, please put it on that young man over there among those young ladies, with his hair parted in the middle, he wants to be a girl so bad." — [Washington (Ga.) Gazette.]

New York has no disposition to boast of her supremacy as the commercial metropolis of the country, but a little pride is certainly justified by the showing that of the \$198,159,676 receipts from customs collected by the Government last fiscal year \$138,908,562 were collected at this port, leaving but \$59,251,113 to be collected at all other ports combined. The figures boast enough of themselves.

For the benefit of newspapers having large lists of subscribers, we will state that "the new postal law now makes the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same, theft, and any person guilty of such an action is liable to criminal proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the amount of subscription." A New York paper has already commenced suit against several subscribers for such an offense. — [State Journal.]

The babble of an infant is more and less than speech; it is not measure and yet it is a song; not syllables and yet a language; a murmur that began in heaven and will not finish on earth; it commenced before human birth, and will continue in the sphere beyond? These lipings are the echo of— These beautiful thoughts end with a reference to Jones' Teething Syrup, which we omit. — [Texas Sifters.]

FORESHADOWING. — Taken as a whole, the House is organized in the interest of great corporations, of barefaced jobbery, and of unlimited extravagance. Star Routers, railroad schemers, mining speculators, syndicates, land grabbers, Indian jobbers and other like characters will control legislation in the House. — [N. Y. Sun.]

Bishop Elder has issued a circular against round dancing, but the man with a hornet in his trouser leg will be allowed to dance round. — [C. J.]

## No Used to be a Boy Himself.

The other day a show came to Little Rock and was shamefully imposed upon by Uncle Sam. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of low-spirited boys grieving on account of financial depression.

"Does yer youngsters want to go to der show?" he asked.

The boys responded in noisy chorus: "Well, come on, den. I ister be a chile myself, an' unlike de mos' of men, I hain't forgot it. Count dese boys," he added, addressing the door-keeper. The man began counting, and by the time the boys had passed in from was walking around, talking to acquaintances from the plantations.

"Here," said the showman, "give me twenty tickets."

"What for? Does you think me a lottery agent?"

"You passed in twenty boys, and I want the tickets or the money."

"I don owe yer no tickets, and I don owe yer no money. I didn't tell yer pass de boys in. I said count 'em. I see always heard that showmen is good on rithmetic, an' I want ter satisfy myself. Yer say dat dar was twenty boys. I don spute yer word, case I ain't no mathematician. Sposen I take a lot ob boys ter de cashier ob a bank an' axes him ter count 'em, does dat signify dat de cashier is gwine ter pass 'em into de money room? No, sah. Go back to yer tent; I see a crowd goin' in."

The showman, remembering that he had left the entrance unguarded, turned and from walked away. — [Little Rock Gazette.]

## HOW TO SLEEP IN A SLEEPING CAR.

1. Get a berth in the fore part of the car. This is because the pure air comes in at the front end and windows and goes out at the rear end and windows. I always take the front upper berth. My reason for taking the upper berth is because it is freely ventilated and away from the hot pipes. 2. Have your berth made up head towards the engine. This will keep all draughts of air from your head and prevent taking cold. If the car is very tight put a lead pencil under the window at your feet in case of lower berth; or, in case of upper berth, open the hind sky window at your feet. 3. Fix your pillow in one corner of the berth and your feet in the other. By lying crosswise you will not roll in your berth. — [Chicago Hotel Reporter.]

Kentucky will never get abreast the civilization of the age until she establishes the gibbet for murderers, causes convicted thieves to serve out their terms in the penitentiary, erects the whipping-post for petit larceny, restricts the pardoning power of the governor, and provides amply for the education of every child, white and colored, within her borders. When she accomplishes these things, then indeed will the old darling become a heaven upon earth.

A breach of promise case in Illinois will present a novel question for legal decision. The plaintiff was a good-looking girl when the engagement was made. Two years of courtship passed. Then smallpox disfigured her face, and the defendant declined to marry her. He claims that in view of her deterioration in personal appearance since he made the promise, he is not, in law or honor, bound to keep it.

Richmond has an abundant supply of churches. There are eleven—white and colored—or one to every 272 persons. Should there be preaching at all these churches on any Sunday, and every man, woman and child in town should go to church on that day, there would be ample seating capacity, and some to spare. — [Register.]

A circus is going to exhibit the handsomest man and woman in the world next season, and will offer \$30,000 for the pair. We don't know where the woman may be found, but the circus can strike the male part of the combination in this office. Modesty forbids the mention of name. — [Sunday Argus.]

Beecher asserted in a recent sermon that four-fifths of the inhabitants of heaven are women. The Bible contradicts such a theory in recording that, on a certain occasion, "silence reigned in heaven for the space of an hour." — [Breckenridge News.]

An Illinois deacon, while visiting Philadelphia, was asked if he had purchased any Christmas cards, and replied, with some surprise, "Why should I? My old pack is good enough."

## Topnoody.

"This, my dear," said Topnoody, coming into the house last night, "is Christmas week, and I have been thinking, sweet wife, what I should give you for Christmas, and what you would give your dear Hubby."

"Dear Hobby, nothin'," replied Mrs. Topnoody, looking badly discouraged in her wearing apparel, and her hair like the rats had slept in it, "dear Hubby, indeed!"

"Why, my dear darling, don't you want anything, and won't you give me something?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is it, deary?"

"I want you to give us a rest on calling me 'dear' and 'darling' and 'sweet wife,' and such slush, or I'll give you a piece of my mind as big as a ten acre lot. How does that strike you for a Christmas present?"

"It don't cost me much," replied the good man, "but you've given me so many pieces of your mind, my darling dear, that I should think you wouldn't have any left," and Topnoody put the door between himself and Mrs. Topnoody and hurried off down town, not to return until his sweet wife was in bed sound asleep. — [Steubenville Herald.]

Flipping the penny: He was asking the conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his fifty dollars a month. "You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way passenger who pays a quarter or half dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company." "But," persisted the investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails. What do you then?" "Oh," replied the conductor, with an ineffable contempt, "then we flip it up again." So that passenger went home and sold out his railroad shares. — [San Francisco Chronicle.]

Forbidden ground: He had been introduced to a girl from Boston, and together they pawed aimlessly through a broken-backed album. "And shall you hang up your stockings?" he inquired, as they talked of Christmas. "Sir!" exclaimed the Boston girl, drawing herself up proudly and fixing her quivering glasses firmly on her nose, "let me never hear you speak to me again." And she swept grandly out of the room, while the young man went and laid his astonished head against the frosty window pane. — [Rockland Courier.]

Postmaster General James says that official life has been disappointing to him, but philosophically adds: "I suppose that every boy has an ambition when he starts out in life. I began as a printer, and, without any idea of achieving so much fame, I hoped to emulate Franklin. He was Postmaster General of the United States, and inasmuch as I reached the same position from a similar beginning I suppose I ought to be satisfied."

A Sedalia dentist was called into a Pullman sleeper last week to pull a tooth for a colored porter. The man made so much noise that several ladies fainted, and panic seized the other passengers. It will fill the soul of every reader with joy to know that one man has got even with a Pullman porter. From the fact that the dentist nearly killed him it is inferred that he had had his boots blacked in a sleeper at some time.

The girl is embroidering a watch case for her young man. He has no watch, but that does not matter. She will give him the watch pocket Christmas. It cost her 15 cents, but she will be angry if she doesn't get a \$20 present in return. The young man she is going to give it to has a salary of \$4 a week, and can afford to make a nice present.

Business is business: "Doctor," asked Brown, "why don't you put Fenderson on a close diet?" "Don't you think it would be a benefit to him?" "Undoubtedly," replied the doctor; "but it would be no benefit to me. I might lose a patient; and when I lose a patient," he added, "I prefer to lose him in the regular way."

Pleasures of society: "I suppose the McGushes will make a great many presents this year," remarked one lady to another, as they met yesterday afternoon. "Oh, yes, indeed," was the reply, "I just saw their carriage stop at a \$1 store."

Clergymen, lawyers, physicians, farmers, merchants, business men, gentlemen of leisure, and their women folk and children all use Brown's Iron Bitters. It keeps them well.

## All Wrong

This has been the warmest December within a number of years. Vennor's prediction was as follows: "It looks ugly, and smacks of cold—bitter, biting cold, north and south, east and west. This cold may be somewhat proportionate to the heat of the past summer, and extend to extreme southern and western points. The entry of the month is likely to bring in winter abruptly in most sections where winter is usually expected or experienced."

ANOTHER OHIO WEDDING. — A young man named Calvin Hile, who has for several months been stopping at a hotel in Mattoon, Ill., was suddenly confronted yesterday evening by a young woman named Miss Mary Cusick, of Galion, Ohio, accompanied by an officer who read a State's warrant to him. The nuptials took place immediately in the parlors of the hotel, and the couple left on the first train for Galion.

A USEFUL LIFE. — "Sometimes," remarked Fogg, removing his cigar slowly, "I wish I had never been born, or that I had died in childhood." He puffed away for a moment or two, and then added, with something like his customary cheerfulness: "Well, well, I have not altogether lived in vain; I have made a fairly good husband for Mrs. F., a woman who never could have got anybody else to marry her." — [Boston Transcript.]

MEXICAN GIRLS' ADORNMENTS. — I saw something the other night that I shall not soon forget—a bevy of young girls wearing fireflies in their hair. As they moved about in the dimly lighted corridor playing some girlhood game, I know not what, their living jewels flashed and gleamed and glowed as never diamonds did. — [San Francisco Chronicle.]

Dutch fishermen kill their fish as soon as they take them from the water, preventing them from dying slowly and having their tissues softened. The superiority of the flavor of the fish killed by Dutchmen when compared with those which die slowly in French markets is, says M. Baule, very great.

The best thing to do with inferior stock, when the price of grain and other feed is as high as it is now, is to fatten them quickly, if possible, and sell them, or dispose of them in some other way. Better give them away than, by keeping them, to deprive the better animals of an abundance of food.

A Virginia father has eleven children named in the consecutive Latin numerals from "Primus" to "Undecimus"; at the birth of his tenth boy the latter was named "Decimus Ultimus," or tenth and last, but somehow, another son followed, and was dubbed "Undecimus."

Harry Jones, a house-painter, married three girls in McKean county, Pennsylvania, at short intervals, and then ran away with the wife of a young farmer. Mr. Jones says it's all foolishness for a young man to wait till he is getting \$3,000 a year before he marries.

The members of the Legislature who voted against going to Atlanta at the expense of the State, and who remained at home, now feel that they are "solid," while many of those that did go, feel that they are "sold." — [Flemingsburg Times.]

Guiteau objects to the "attempt to blacken his character." We are curious to ascertain the composition of the paint that could effect that result on a character which lamplight would certainly whitewash. — [Breckinridge News.]

The average small boy will stand out in the rain half a day spinning his top, but if mamma wants a bucket of water or armful of wood while it is raining, he would be drowned if he were to go out in it. — [Clinton Democrat.]

Our apology for not prefixing the names of ladies and gentlemen with Miss or Mr. is that we are short of cap M's. We trust our poverty will be overlooked and our apology accepted. — [Mayville Morning Call.]

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

When a young man is alone with his best girl, he is generally supposed to be "holding his own."

Darling, this potato is only half done. "Then eat the other half, love."

## FALL AND WINTER OF 1881.

Notice to the People of Stanford and Vicinity.  
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND OPENED  
THE CHOICEST STOCK EVER BROUGHT ON!  
It has been selected with care, and comprises the best in the market. You will find everything that a first-class Merchant Tailor ought to have. The stock comprises  
Cloths, Cassimeres, Diagonals and a Large Selection of Worn-  
teds from the Best Manufacturers of France and England.  
LAST BUT NOT LEAST, A SPLENDID LINE OF TRIMMINGS.  
Cutting and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.  
Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.  
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Either in Hair, Cloth or Terry.  
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Visitors to our city are respectfully invited to call and see our stock of goods, whether they wish to purchase or not.  
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Reapers, Self-Binders, Mowers, Hay-Rakes,  
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Cultivators, Harrows, Corn-Shellers,  
Straw-Cutters, Hay-Presses, Thrashing  
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